

Where Is My Son

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Summary: Marco's Dad wondering what's happening to Marco

Where Is My Son

> <meta name="Generator"> Where Is My Son **

Where Is My Son?

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I thought I was the busy father and you were the son,
But now each has taken the role of the other one.
I feel we're falling apart, that you've grown up too fast,
How long has it been since you wanted to watch football with me
last?
Your eyes, though still sarcastic, have lost their childlike
spark,
Now they're forbidding, old, hooded, and dark.
How many stories do you have to tell?
Of experiences that happened while I was safe in my grieving
shell.
Where is my little boy who used to love life?
Did I loose him along with my beloved wife?
No, he's still there, but only a shadow of what you'd once
been,
It's like your light is burning out, the one from within.

When I ask you tell me I'm imagining things, that I'm getting old,

But there's something in the way you look at people that's too judging, too cold.

You're always gone out, you're never home.

"Just hanging" is the reason you give for leaving me alone.

Is it something I've said, did I do something wrong?

That has made you want to be gone from home for so long?

Is this how I looked to you while I was grieving?

That the man you once knew was slowly leaving?

I realize you've been an adult for more than two years,

But I know there's a little boy in there when, at night, I hear your tears.

You think I can't hear you, that you hide it so well?

Well, when you're a father and your child is crying, you'll see how I can tell.

I miss my little boy, he's now an old man in disguise,

You try to cover it up, but I can tell by your eyes.

I thought I was the busy father and you were the son,

But now each has taken the role of the other one.

End
file.